2: Lorimer T-3 (1927-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

514 343 matters of sanitation. The lower chamber of their little pulpits is closed with one large slab, which makes them easy to clean; the upper is well supplied with nice clean sand, and has a small hole in the floor. The entrance opening to the upper part is narrow, and anyone inside is completely hidden; even so we never saw man, woman, or child disappear into one. The most prudish maiden aunt would never need to blush as she would in the streets of Paris or by the creeks of Basrah; and whatever Islám may recommend, the Hunzukuts does not dream of allowing his running water or his drinking tanks to be fouled by man or beast.

The pulpits must be regularly and frequently cleaned out, for, though they often stand beside the path, you never get a whiff from them to suggest their necessary purpose, yet I have never seen one being emptied; that also is a job they evidently prefer to do in the privacy of darkness.

252 A red felt carpet was quickly brought and spread for me, and soon the entire family was sitting round, making conversation. I went back another day soon after, also by invitation, and was allowed to watch Bibi Gímo cook the greens and bread for the mid-day meal. In the summer they cook in the open, in the garden or on the roof, which often has a roofed verandah or even a lightly enclosed upper room added on in front of the upper store-room. She had a little hearth of big stones to hold her tiny fire, and over it sat the big stone cooking pot of vegetables. In olden days the bread was cooked on hot stones, but nowadays everyone has a convex iron griddle which can rest either on the stones or on a tiny iron trivet. They have a neat, shallow wooden tray in which they knead their flour, adding a little water till it has become a flaky dough. Then they take the lid and on that roll out small lumps of the dough with the most ridiculous-looking toy rolling-pin hardly half an inch in diameter. They roll the dough into thin, thin pancakes, lift these with a wooden spatula on to the griddle, and turn them with a skilful twitch. Each takes only a second or so to cook, and is then twitched off on to a big • 264 flat wicket platter till there is a sufficient pile. When mealtime comes the family gather round, squatting just anywhere that

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

is convenient. Each person has his own wooden bowl and 264
wooden spoon. They roll up their pancakes and dip them in [415]
their bowl of thick vegetable soup or take up the soup with
the spoon. The head woman of the house apportions a fair 262
share to each, and I fear there is rarely enough to allow of
second helpings.

The art of rationing the family all through the year is recognized as a difficult one; each able-bodied man is entitled to double a woman's ration, but the expectant or nursing mother gets a larger share than the other women; each child after weaning gets a certain ration according to its age.

If a *núli gus* (housewife-in-chief) is over-generous with her 262
rationing during the post-harvest months of plenty the whole 586
family may starve before next year; so a "competent woman" is highly valued, and incompetence is a fair ground for divorce. No ill-will is felt or expressed, but back she goes to the father and mother who bred her.

The No. 1 Household consists of grandfather, a charming 592
old man, who proudly boasts that he built the house they live in and himself laid out the fruit garden; his two sons, who now do all the heavy work and who both are lucky enough to have small jobs connected with the hospital—this accounts for the family's relative well-to-do-ness; the elder son's wife is my friend Bibi Gímo, the *núli gus*; the younger son's wife is a beautiful girl Naját, who became one of our best friends. In a community where all faces are happy and kindly, she has the happiest face I have ever seen, and a natural grace of bearing and manner that would adorn any station in any country. Naját so far has no children, but Bibi Gímo's married daughter was staying with her at the moment. There is also an adolescent daughter, Shukuru, who is already growing her hair, and will no doubt presently be married; two nice boys of perhaps thirteen and nine, and the two little girls I have mentioned already, Shamúli, say six, and Banu of three or four, and I imagined there would ere long be another child.

On my second visit, since they had all been so kind to me, 526
I took a tiny rubber ball for Banu. It was a great success. Not only she and Shamúli played with it, but the grown-ups

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

The breakfast, most meager by our standards, consists of a bowl of fresh or boiled apricots with chapatties. This is sufficient to keep the family working in the fields or doing other household and farm chores until 10 o'clock.

Then lunch is served and it is made up of fresh or boiled vegetables, dried apricots and chapatties. The men get two chapatties for this meal, whereas the women and children are restricted to one chapatty. Then off again to their duties—invariably on the land.

The midday meal is usually taken between 1 and 2 o'clock and in the summer this would mean, during the hottest part of the day. For this meal dried apricots, rubbed with the hands in water to form a soup, constitute the main course. A bowl or cupful of this gruel is drunk. This is the procedure during the months when fresh apricots from the trees are not available. During the period from late spring until autumn, fresh apricots are always available and these are used instead of the dried ones.

The dinner hour usually reigns from 5 to 7 o'clock. For this meal more food than for the other meals is used and consumed. Vegetables, either or both boiled and raw, are eaten along with any one of the fruits like plums, peaches, pears, apples or apricots—then always chapatties.

If I haven't made it clear before, chapatties are the bread that is used almost exclusively throughout Pakistan and India. These are flat unleavened sheets of bread made from whole wheat—stone ground. They are the Indian "staff of life."

Cooking and preparation of meals as we know it in the average home in America is definitely not part of the Hunzan way of life. Whereas in our way of life most foods are prepared by boiling, frying, baking,